THE PORT FOLIO
ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER,

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. XXX.

The Persian poet Cálédása, in one of his charming compositions has the following stanza, "The intoxicated bee shines and murmurs in the fresh blown Mellica, like him who gives breath to a white conch."....A critic to whom Cálédása repeated this verse, observed that the comparison was not exact, since the bee sits on the blossom itself and does not murmur at the end of the tube, like him, who blows a conch. "I was aware of that," said the poet "and therefore, described the bee as *intoxicated:* a drunken musician would blow the shell at the wrong end:" There was more than wit in this answer: It is a just rebuke; for poetry delights in general images, and is so far from being a perfect imitation, that a scrupulous exactness of descriptions and similes, by leaving nothing for the imagination to supply, never fails to diminish or destroy the pleasure of every reader, who has an imagination to be gratified.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

My love of the oriental style, and my respect for the most venerable of volumes urge me immediately to publish the following letter.

MR. SAUNTER,

In your last speculation, you have introduced to the public two elegant articles of poetry. I allude to the versification of a prose translation by Sir William Jones from the poesy of the Arabians, and to a metrical version from the Song of Solomon.

These elegant efforts of no unwilling muse would have passed with silent approbation, had not the author, unfortunately, talked some where of the wildness of Solomon's figures, and of the incomprehensible sublimity of that passage, in which the eyes of the fair-one are compared to "the fish pool of Heshbon, by the gate of Bathrabbim, and her nose to the tower of Lebanon, which looketh toward Damascus."

From the pen of so ingenious a writer I was grieved to discern this common cavil, unworthy of the acumen of the Critic, and injurious to the transcendant genius of Solomon.

This sneer at the oriental metaphors is originally derived from the lively petulence of VOLTAIRE. This superficial infidel in his "Philosophical Dictionary" a work deformed not less by innumerable errors of science than by its audacity of scepticism and the effrontery of its blasphemies, has assailed the above expressions, and striven to render them both weak and obscure. With what success let us now examine.

A rhetorical mode of expressing most of the emotions of the mind has prevailed from time immemorial in Asia. Among the rudest tribes of the red men of America, we find a violence of hyperbole, and a wildness of metaphor not less memorable. Indeed, it is incident to all men of strong passions and ardent imagination to express themselves in glowing words, often snatched hastily from the vocabulary of exaggeration. The slightest analogy satisfies, and the most remote resemblance is intuitively discerned by the lynx eye of genius. Moreover, the mind of man, as an elegant scholar disciplined in all the learning of the east assures us, sinking under the magnitude of the subject, and struggling to express its emotions has recourse to metaphors and allegories, which it, sometimes, extends beyond the bounds of cool reason, and often to the brink of absurdity. Now let the Song of Solomon be emphatically scanned by the above principles, and I think this charming composition of the Hebrew prince will appear *natural* and *correct*, as well as beautiful.

Without contending with the orthodox theologians, respecting the mystical sense, I shall simply consider it, as an epithalamium on the nuptials of Solomon with the princess of Egypt. It is of a style vivid and amatory. The natural language of a solicitous lover to his charming mistress. It describes all the hopes and fears of a tender passion; and the enraptured poet, eager to commemorate every charm of his beloved, in his zeal to omit no encomium, perhaps, renders more than justice to his favourite.

In describing her personal graces, the lover indulges himself in all the luxury of Asiatic images, and, amid this glow and medley of metaphors, we come to the celebrated similies, which first provoked the malignant smile and impotent criticism of the brilliant, but noxious Voltaire. The eyes of the Egyptian beauty are compared to the *fish-pool* of Heshbon, and her nose to the *tower* of Lebanon, which looketh toward Damascus.

I confess I can discern in these similies nothing more, than an extravagance and eccentricity of expression which may be found in all the poets: which GRAY indulged in the cold cloister of Peter Louse, no less than Solomon or Hafiz under the solstitial rays in Asia. HOMER and SHAKSPEARE indulge themselves in a similar licentiousness, in the use of figures; and some of the most brilliant passages in those writers, whom the world has agreed to salute with the epithet of classical, are replete with these wild fancies. When a feature was likened to a tower, nothing more was intended than to associate an idea of its symmetry and dignity; and when the sparkling eyes of beauty were compared to a fish-pool, nothing so readily occurs, as the idea of "liquid lustre," of softness, placidness and brilliancy.

I remember once, in the course of a conversation, into which I was forced by a puny deist, a minor infidel, than whom a more contemptible caviller can scarcely be imagined, that he objected to that passage, in which Solomon exclaims "behold thou art fair my love, thou hast *dove's eyes.*" It was insisted that Solomon was a fool, his song spurious, and scripture a jest, because dove's eyes being of a reddish hue could not illustrate the fine eyes of a woman. But this darkling mole of criticism, this grub of the sacred volume could not perceive that this simile was the aptest which could be employed to express the most gracious benignity.

I confess, Mr. Saunter, though it is not a common custom of my countrymen, I continue to read the bible with an enthusiastic fondness. I hope that my heart will be always affected by its precepts, and I know that my judgment and taste according to their measure, are always satisfied with its style. My zeal to defend its beauties from the slightest touch of criticism has induced me to employ an ardency of phrase, which I hope will not offend your ingenious correspondent. I wish that he would continue his liberal, and I will add, his poetical versions; and, as he appears to possess much of the amicable docility and ingenuousness of youth, he will forgive an old man who cautions him against objecting even to the style of the wisest and brightest of mankind.

I am, sir, yours,
SENEX.

INTERESTING TRAVELS

IN AMERICA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF BULOW.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XXXI.

Fanatic sects.....Shaking quakers....Anecdote of a Methodist preacher....Methodist negro society at Philadelphia.....Quaker meetings....A vain boasting quaker's liberality.....Presbyterians.....Anabaptists..... Moravians....Club of Atheists at Philadelphia.

If any inference can be drawn from cause to effect, the situation of religion among the Americans may easily be inferred from that of morals. True religion is practical morality, observed, because there exists an original moral source, or deity, and in respect of a perpetual existence after this life. It is truth, in the understanding and the mouth; goodness in the will and the actions. There is however, little of this among the Americans. But on the other hand, the universal toleration, as is well known, besides the proper christian churches now extant, such as the Protestants, in the extensive sense of the word, and the Roman-catholics, has drawn to America, all the fanatical sects extant, such as Puritans, Methodists, Moravians, Quakers, Anabaptists, Baptists, Dunkers &c. and given rise to some such there. In the state of New-York for instance, there is a sect calling itself shaking quakers. They assemble together by night, in the open field. If it be severely cold, or if it rain, or snow, so much the better. In that case they always follow in the dark their right hand, which they keep stretched out before them; for in this right hand sits the holy-ghost, and no misfortune can befall one, no error happen, so long as it is thus held before the body. Thus with the right hand stretched out before them, they go through hedges, marshes and ditches, over

mountain and valley, amidst horrible yells, constantly forward. Then they whirl themselves round upon one heel with astonishing swiftness; then dance in a round, and proceed in this manner with dreadful howling, the whole night through. All this diverts the holy ghost excessively, and is absolutely necessary for eternal salvation. In the Tennessee country, an old hag travels about with her votaries, and gives herself out for God....She makes proselytes. Whenever an old woman says she is a deliverer, and prophecies, they call it in Connecticut a new-light. Methodist preachers wander all over the country, and wherever a knot of people are assembled they are sure in a trice to have a sermon. They often practice likewise something worse than sermonizing. A methodist preacher for instance, met in the highway, in a wood, a common loose woman. He grew warm; and made proposals, which found a ready ear. He could not part with his prize; and took the wench to a tavern, where he gave her out for his wife. One bed was at the desire of the parson prepared for them both. In the night, the woman was delivered of a child; and lo! it was a mulatto!...The methodists vehemently thunder forth from the pulpit...." I see," they cry out furiously to their hearers, whose faces turn to a cherry brown at the denunciation " I see the jaws of hell already open to devour you all." In Philadelphia there is a methodist society of free negroes; who usually assemble together in the evening. Nothing is more shocking than to see by candle-light, the convulsions of so many horrible black faces, accompanied with hollow groans proceeding from their beating their breasts, and at the same time to hear the thundering fury, of a raving black priest pouring forth with the utmost rage, the words " eternal damnation, endless torments and hell." The quakers on the other hand speak through the nose, and for the greatest part absurdities, which are then laid to the account of the holy ghost. It is even maintained that most of them no longer believe in quakerism. The rich among them, make the most of this world, without troubling themselves any more about the holy ghost; but I have remarked in their meetings undeniable symptoms of remaining fanaticism. They sit hours long, in universal silence, and rock themselves to and fro with their eyes shut. You then hear all at once an internal whining with the mouth shut. One of them then rises, and prates unconnected stuff, while his eyes sparkle with a wild fire, and he throws about his hands in convulsive motions. During the discourse, the rocking to and fro is continued. But it is horrible to hear an old woman, amidst convulsive distortions squeaking nonsense through the nose. Such a creature prophesied in my presence the downfall of the minister Pitt. One of my friends was present, when a woman, rose at a quaker-meeting; and gave utterance to a few words, that bear a double and very indecent meaning in English....This was all that the holy ghost inspired into her; she sat down again; and the assembly appeared much edified.

The quakers are royalists and friends of England, while the methodists on the contrary, are so far republicans, that they pray the lord, in their churches, to destroy all kings....The moderation of the quakers, is the principal cause of their prosperity. In their houses, all is elegance. Their cloathing is always of the best materials, but plain in the fashion. They are accused of being extremely self-interested in their trade.....And they readily boast of their benevolence....In New-York, a quaker published in the news-papers, that he would give away lands. He found claimants in abundance, but when they came the generous donor was never at home, or if a solicitor of his bounty was admitted to him, his answer was " I am very sorry; but you come too late; I have already given all away."

The presbyterians defend especially the sovereignty of God; that is, they make of the supreme being a despot who without binding himself to his own laws, rewards and punishes whom he pleases. They exclaim from their pulpits; " children, a span long, there are, roasting in hell!" These words were really spoken. It has always been the rage among mankind, to make to themselves a god after their own likeness....Harsh manners, and hypocrisy, allayed, with a dose of selfishness which often degenerates into fraud, form their character. In New-England, severe presbyterianism is yet very common, though it pretty rapidly declines, in proportion as socinianism &c. spreads itself. But as foreigners in New-England complain very much of deceit in their dealings with the natives; as these hypocrites practise their evil arts, concealed behind a pedantic mask of religious rigour, and as fraud and theft are one and the same thing, it may in fact be said, they hold the bible in one hand, while they steal with the other. Such conduct naturally flows from their principles: for if good actions, are only splendid sins displeasing to God; if faith alone is adequate to save; if every one, let him do what he will, is inevitably predestined either to heaven or to hell, the best thing he can do is to steal. The presbyterians are besides almost as hostile to the fine arts as the quakers, those true adversaries of all taste.....Both these sects, as also the methodists, cherish a true tartuffian hatred against every thing that can move or exalt the heart. Self-interest is the idol they worship, and gold in truth the sole object of their adoration. From them proceeds the absurd law, with respect to the sunday, which forbids all singing, unless it be of psalms, upon that day, but not, the commission of all sorts of vice. Even in Charleston every person who makes his appearance during church time, in the streets, is taken up, and foisted into some church. In a country of universal toleration it is very extraordinary that even the Jews are obliged to shut their shops upon Sundays.

The anabaptists wear a long beard, which is a sign of the true faith. But I cannot much celebrate their humanity; for one of them accosted me with the following christian wish...." I wish you had a mill-stone fastened round your neck, and were sunk to the bottom of the sea!"....When I asked, being quite frightened, how so!...he answered, " How so! my dear Sir! why all the Germans who now come to America ought to be sunk with a mill-stone about their necks. They deserve nothing better." He was a Pennsylvanian, born of German parents. Young, grown up anabaptist girls, many of whom are very pretty, are baptised near Philadelphia, in the Schuylkill. They undress themselves; the priest takes them before him, and throws them down backwards into the river. This happens both morning and evening, even in cold weather....I have often met them upon their return from this baptismal bath, to the city: they were always remarkably frolicsome. This custom evidently supposes orthodoxy to consist in following literally the usages of the first christians. It would be wrong to class the moravians among the fanatical sects: they have an internal and an external doctrine. The multitude, which among them is only admitted to the porch of the temple may be numbered among the fanatics; but in the holy of holies there is no fanaticism. They believe there, nothing of what they profess to believe: it is considered only as useful means to obtain the favourite objects, which are, the possession of the goods of this world, and the gratification of ambition. No sect more resembles the Jesuits. The same desire to make converts is found among them. They had really succeeded in making some Indian tribes moravians. Whether the savages gained any thing by this, I know not; but the foundation of a second Paraguay in the centre of North-America was laid, when the bordeters of Virginia and Pennsylvania most inhumanly butchered all these Indians. Since which no Indians, to my knowledge have been Moravianized. This hypocritical sect would be wonderfully dangerous, if it could once be powerful: but the spirit of our age is not favourable to it, and threatens with destruction all religious systems founded in error.

The moravians however have contributed most to the preservation of the German language in Pennsylvania. Their industry has established several manufactures. In North-Carolina they work in pottery. At Bethlehem, in Pennsylvania, they brew good beer, make combs, embroider, spin, make point, artificial flowers, gloves, &c. With respect to industry, they are very good citizens.

The German Lutheran and Calvinists churches, are with respect to religion, about fifty years behind hand of Germany: Mr. ....., a lutheran clergyman at Philadelphia declared in print, that the yellow-fever was a visitation of God, to punish the admission of a company of stage players at Philadelphia, such a godless crew, never having been before tolerated there. Mr. ..... has too much understanding to believe this; but he knew what sort of people he had to deal with. The parishes choose for their clergymen whom they please. There are preachers in Pennsylvania, who were formerly Prussian corporals. When a man knows no other trade, he commences preacher. One Spangenberg, formerly a Prussian officer of artillery, turned preacher in Pennsylvania. After having carried on the preaching business long enough, he grew weary of it, and demanded of his flock a pension during life. The church-wardens would not consent to this, whereupon he run one of them through the body. He was for cutting down more yet, but was taken up, and sent to jail. The judges wished to save his life under the pretext that he was insane....But he wrote them that they were scoundrels, and he was resolved to die. He was hanged.

I have already observed that socinianism, arianism, deism, and atheism, are constantly gaining proselytes. Mr. Priestly enjoys the triumph whenever he comes to Philadelphia, of preaching to the most numerous congregations. In these sermons he explains to the great instruction and edification of the ladies, the theory of generation. In New-England, deism is constantly spreading, and especially among the persons in authority throughout all the states it makes numerous converts. The American deists and atheists concern themselves very little about the theory of their doctrines, to examine which they are too indolent. Their ordinary maxim in this case is " I dont care." They love these systems because they consider them as allowing a freer scope, and as furnishing a greater variety of means, to their exertions for the gratifications of their favourite passion for the goods of this earth. And as men commonly adore or set up as their God, whatever they love above all things, these people are painted in the truest colours, when we say that a round sum of dollars is the idol of their worship. Most of them love the dollars for the sake of squandering them away again. Pure avarice is seldom seen. Few give themselves out for atheists: and the deists, so called, do not wish to pass for such. There was however a small knot of atheists, who for some time met every Sunday at a tavern in Philadelphia, where they parodied the christian church service, instead of psalms, sung bawdy songs, talked blasphemy, obscenity &c. A German fool, by the name of ....., sub-director of the ..... of the United States, who possessed however some mechanical genius, (for he is the inventor of a ship, to navigate a river upwards, without sails or oars,) was at the head of this virtuous society. They endeavoured to make proselytes by giving out

that in their society all property was held in common. Most of these bedlamites, however were Frenchmen. One of them proposed to deliver lectures of atheism, at the theatre, upon the days when no play was performed. But his proposal was ridiculed, and he did not put it in execution. Conceive, a Frenchman trying to make converts to atheism by discourses in the English language! The whole atheistical fraternity, were very soon sent to jail for debt, excepting ....., who had some property....Many of them turned beggars; every one, then, declared all the rest to be rascals, who had never performed their promise of sharing all their property in common; and the charge was on all sides well founded.

POLITICS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[We perused the pamphlet entitled a "View of the Political Conduct of Aaron Burr, Esquire, Vice President of the United States."]

As citizens of the Union, we should observe with no small concern the symptoms of irreconcileable dissensions between the two highest official characters of the national government, had we reason to believe that their harmony would contribute to the general welfare, and promote the true interests of the country.

But this is not our creed....We have no faith in the infallibility either of the head of the established church, or of his vicegerent....We are heretics....We are sectaries....And we hope that good rather than evil will result from the discords which have arisen in the holy church of Jacobinism.

To understand the origin and motives of the publication before us, and all the designs it is intended to promote, a more intimate knowledge of the state of parties in New-York, would be necessary, than we possess.....We know, however, that for the purpose of bursting open the doors of public confidence, a coalition of the most heterogeneous materials had there taken place, and we did not expect that the concord of such men as the Clintons, the Livingstons, and the Burrs could long subsist after they had attained the object which alone had linked them together....We are not surprized to find, as by this pamphlet is ascertained, that the source of their present divisions, was in the distribution of the booty among the several door-bursters of the band....It was no great question of national interest, of deep and perplexing intricacy....No important principle of internal administration or foreign negociation, upon which honest and enlightened minds might differ, and differing might see in the magnitude of the object a justification for inflexible perseverance on either side....No question of peace or war with a powerful European nation; no altercation to destroy or to save the constitution or the union of our country, which separated these fast-bound friends....No!....It was the dissention of a doit...Whether Mr. George Clinton junior, or W. P. Van Ness should be palmed upon the citizens of New-York, as a member of assembly?....Whether Mr. Matthew L. Davis or Mr. Bailey, should turn out the federal clerks in the New-York Custom-house....Whether the twenty-four auctioneers in the city should be taken from among the tools of Mr. de Witt Clinton, or those of Mr. Burr?....We say we are not surprized at all this....The character of the party is as strongly marked in the causes of their dissolution, as it has been in the effects of their coalescence.

Who the author of this pamphlet is we know not. ....From its internal evidence we presume him to be a Clintonian....Mr. Burr is the great and professed object of his attack; and of course he is an assidious courtier to the sage of Monticello....At the same time all Mr. Burr's friends come in for a share of his malignity: and something more than coolness is observeable throughout the work, towards the Livingstons.

The style is below criticism....There are no t three sentences of grammar together, in the whole book....The language is coarse and inelegant; with an affected intermixture of foreign phraseology, and unusual expressions....Yet as a party production it bears marks of considerable address....The writer appears to be a man conversant with the manœuvres of his party, long habituated to their intrigues, and hackened in their ways, but very ignorant, very illiterate, and very full of malice against all the world, excepting only the sage of Monticello, and the Clintons of New-York.

We are not, and never were admirers of Mr. Burr....He has long and we believe justly been viewed by the federalists as one of the most powerful men in the opposite party; but they have always considered him as a man of worse than questionable character, for the very qualities with which this pamphleteer now reproaches him.... When once reduced by an unfortunate provision of the general constitution and by the perverseness of the opposite party to make an election between two great evils, part of them did indeed consider him as the least; but he never was, and never could be, the man of their choice.

We say they were driven to this election by the perverseness of the opposite party; for what milder name can the conduct of the jacobins deserve, who freely, with their eyes open, and without compulsion gave an equal number of votes to this selfish, intriguing, unprincipled, political trimmer, for the office of president of the Union, as to the sage of Monticello, the admirable man, the frank and easy inhabitant of the charming mansion.

This instance of political profligacy is so glaring and of such an odious complexion that the author of the narrative himself has anticipated the charge, and endeavoured to rescue his party from the imputation...We subjoin as a specimen of the author's style, of his address, and of his ingenuousness, the manner in which he states this *serious question.*

"The character faithfully drawn of Mr. Burr
"in the following pages, is so complex, so stript
"of precise and indelible marks; so mutable, ca-
"pricious, versatile, unsteady, and unfixt,* one to
"which no determinate name can be given, and on
"which no reliance can be placed, that serious
"questions may arise from it. It appears that
"from his *debut* on political life, he has been every
"thing and nothing: that he has been ascending
"the ladder of fame and power by means on which
"no *honest* man can reflect with satisfaction, and it
"may be added that all this must have been known
"to those who raised him to his present eminence
"in the government; and *being conscious* that he
"was no less destitute of a determinate principle
"than of political consistency, *it were* criminal to
"exalt him to an height from which he might
"hurl destruction upon the people. This it must
"be admitted, has some weight; it has at least a
"plausible appearance".

We have said there were not three sentences of grammar together in the whole pamphlet....We request those of our readers whose proficiency in literature has extended to the study of Lowth's Introduction, to examine the sentences they have just read, by his rules, and we assure them that the whole book is written in the same manner.

But how does the narrator answer the serious question?

"I candidly confess I am one of those who were
"unacquainted with the true character of Mr. Burr,
"until his singular conduct since the election of
"Mr. Jefferson, induced me to examine the more
"early parts of it."....."It will give no offence to the majesty of
"truth to say, that the PEOPLE, the great mass,
"were like *myself*, strangers to the conduct of Mr.
"Burr. It is doubtless to this *ignorance* of charac-
"ter that he owes his elevation—The people can-
"not wittingly be guilty of a *felo de se.*"

The truth of this statement so far as it respects the people, may be admitted—But the candour of the confession is not so obvious. In paying perpetual and affected homage to the People, the writer follows the example and the precept of his party. In all countries where the people are the dispensers of greatness, the parasites of power cringe and fawn to them, as in monarchies they are the most servile worshipers of the reigning prince. This observation is as old as the age of Aristotle, and it will remain true so long as there shall be kings to flatter and people to delude.

But if the people, whose voice by their electors, carried Mr. Burr to a competition for the first magistracy of the union, were so utterly ignorant of his character, why does not the author of the Nartive tell the whole truth?....Why does he not explain the deceptions, the falsehoods, the impostures by which the people were induced to favour thus highly Mr. Burr?....For this plain reason....that he could not unfold these mysteries without exposing the foul intrigues of his own party; without plucking the mask from the sage of Monticello, as well from the son of president Burr; without detecting the forgery of two counterfeit patriots instead of one, and without convicting the whole jacobinic faction to which he still adheres, of knowing the counterfeits to be of the basest metal, and passing them for sterling gold.

That the outhor of *the View*, was ignorant himself of Mr. Burr's character, when friendly to his election as vice president, will hardly be believed by those who see how much he knows of it now.... There is but one transaction exhibited in the pamphlet, tending to fix upon Mr. Burr any charge of a deeper dye, than that of being a political intriguer, willing to be president of the United States if he could....We mean the dispute with Angerstein....This had been a matter of public notoriety for years, in New-York, for it had been a subject of suits both at law and in chancery....As the pamphleteer represents it, the transaction was on the part of Mr. Burr scandalous in the highest degree; but notorious as it was, with what colour of credibility can a New-York republican come and tell the world, that he knew nothing of it when he supported Mr. Burr....If he did not know it, his ignorance was his fault, for he had the means of information in his power, and he was bound in duty to use them....If he did know it, how dares he now hold it up as rendering Mr. Burr unfit for the confidence of the people?

There is no sort of obloquy, which the author of the View is not endeavouring perpetually to cast upon the federal party; yet we remark in this instance, and in many others, that his facts separated from his invidious comments, and impartially considered, not only afford justification to the federalists against his imputations but contrast the conduct of the two parties in a manner very honorable to the federal side and very disgraceful to his friends.

He states that during the contest at Washington for the choice of president, by the house of representatives, some intimation of Mr. Burr's dishonourable conduct, in this affair, reached that place.... That a partial investigation of the fact was there had; "by which party he cannot *imperatively* (positively) say," but in all probability by the federalists. Copies of the papers in the chancery suit between Angerstein and Burr, were sent for to New-York, and were transmitted by Thomas Smith, a clerk in the chancery there. The narrative strongly insinuates that Smith, who was a partizan of Mr. Burr's falsified the copies of the papers or garbled

* These five epithets to express one idea, go beyond Captain Fluellen's description of Fortune. "And she is "painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the "moral of it, that she is *turning*, and *inconstant*, and *varia-*"*tion*, and *mutabilities*. V. Shakespeare Henry V.

their contents, so as to conceal the real state of facts.

Our author argues with painful labour to prove that this investigation was made by the federalists, and not by the opposite party: but much of his labour was unnecessary; we readily believe such to have been the fact, for it is perfectly consistent with the character of the two parties; the federalists in the dilemma to which they were reduced of voting for one of two men, alike obnoxious to them, were generally disposed to take Mr. Burr, as the least objectionable of the two: in the process of electioneering, however, surmises were raised that he had been concerned in disgraceful transactions, of a private nature, and the federalists immediately pursued the proper measures to ascertain the fact.... Not so the jacobins....They had no doubts, which Smith's documents could chase away....With such a fact staring them in the face, they were perfectly willing, and had strained every nerve to raise Mr. Burr to the second office in the union; and as it was not their purpose then to exalt him to the first, they were perfectly indifferent whether his conduct in the affair with Angerstein had been criminal or innocent....In the minds of the federalists, the question is he honest? was of important consideration to fix their votes....To the jacobins, no such *odious* scrutiny occurred....The days were come when a formal and avowed departure from that inquiry was to be made...The moral character of the man, was to them less than the dust of the balance.

Thus the author of the View, together with the rest of his party, are deprived even of their humiliating plea of *ignorance*, to excuse their support of Mr. Burr....They cannot be admitted to stultify themselves, by way of salvo for their honesty.... That they are very wise or very well informed, we do not suspect; but that they were unacquainted with the character of Mr. Burr at the last presidential election is not true....They knew him then as well as they know him now; and they stand responsible to the whole nation, for having employed every influence and every artifice to elevate a man, whom they then believed, and whom they now proclaim to be one of the most unprincipled and profligate men in the union.

FROM THE EVENING POST,

STATE OF EUROPEAN POLITICS.

FRANCE.

In reviewing the political state of Europe, France obtrudes itself first on our notice, not because it possesses any superior claim to respect, but because its revolutions have been the source of an entire new order of things in Europe; and because from its universal encroachments either by conquest, intrigue, or negociation, the political concerns of every country in that quarter of the world are more or less affected by or interwoven with its external policy.

The history of human affairs from the beginning of the world, contains nothing to be compared to that of France for the last ten years, as a lesson in one sort of instruction....as a scourge at once and a warning to mankind. What the wise and learned alone had collected and digested from ancint history, the populace, and the ignorant can now read while they run in those recent events. Those who admired the French revolution as a system of liberty, are now put into the most ridiculous, whimsical, and contemptible situation imaginable.... Their great high priest Bonaparte has left them all completely in the lurch. Their dogmas and favourite opinions he has trampled under foot. Revolution or innovation can no longer be very gravely pointed out as the road to liberty! Patriotism can no more be pressed into the service of democratic fraud. Demagogues will henceforward want even a plausible pretext for their delusions and at first sight be recognized for what they really are and ever have been, *tyrants in embryo*....The first consul has entirely torn the mask from democracy, and branded its forehead with infamy *forever*. France has bled through millions of veins, but she has not bled uselessly. Ages upon ages to come will profit by her losses, her misfortunes, and her crimes; the bloodshed of the last ten years may be considered as put out at enormous interest to save the shedding of blood hereafter.

The right of every nation to choose its government will not be denied by us. The tranquillity and even joy, that has succeeded the elevation of Bonaparte, is some proof that the present government is more palatable to the people of France than the revolutionary despotisms which preceded it. At all events it is not our business here to discuss a subject which belongs to the people of France alone, and on which they have given a decision. Every good man, however must rejoice at the emancipation of that ill-stared country from the merciless tyranny of jacobinism....Every pious man rejoices at the restoration of christianity. We cannot help thinking that the *true believers* of Egypt have as great a right as the infidels and jacobins of Europe to complain of the treatment of Bonaparte. They have both been completely gulled. The idol of the jacobins and infidels has seated himself on the altar and the throne.... and the quondam disciple of Mahomet, "the cheeld of circumceesion" (as Sir Archy M'Sarcasm says) has established *christianity* in France, and even taken the sacramental test.

Whatever may be the internal state of France, her external aspect is extremely formidable. Let it be remembered that in the most feeble periods of the monarchy, when her territory was confined within the limits prescribed by the old treaties, she was held to be an object of continual jealousy, apprehension, and alarm to Europe. Her advantageous local situation, the extent, even then, of her territory, the fertility of her soil, the military talents and enterprize of her people, and their restless and intriguing spirit rendering her, in her most crippled state, dangerous to the independence of Europe. At that time too she was circumscribed by stronger barriers than any that paper and wax could form. The Austrian Netherlands, Holland, Switzerland, and the immense fortresses on the confines of Germany on that side of the Rhine covered the empire, and shut out France from the ports on the North Seas, while Savoy, particularly Turin, Mantua, and the Tyrol covered Haly. Add to this, that the fleets of Spain and Holland were always at hand to be thrown into the scale for the preservation of the balance of power. Such was her state when she could be formidable to Europe: Now mark what *is* her state when the right of the British ministers, and the wisdom of parliament can contemplate her power not only without fear, but with complacency.

In Europe she may be truly said to possess a far greater part of the continent. The barriers against her encroachments are not only removed but transferred to her own use and behoof....The Netherlands and the fortresses in Germany, in full *sovereignty*:....Holland, Spain, Switzerland, Mantua, Turin, and all Italy in provincial dependence. ....Her influence over Denmark, Sweden and Prussia is incontestably established. Portugal is in no state to resist her mandates. Every port and post in the Mediterranean, with the exception of Gibraltar, are under her. The fleets of Spain and Holland swell the force of her navy, and the hardy seamen of the latter are added to hers; besides timber of the best kind, sufficient for an unlimited navy, on the banks of the ceded rivers of Germany, is now in her possession.

In addition to her former possessions she has got in the East, Pondicherry Malié, Cochin, Nagapatnam, the Spice Islands, and the Cape of Good Hope; and in the West, the whole of St Domingo, (worth all the English islands together) Martinico, St Lucie, Guadaloupe, Tobago, Curracoa, St. Pierre, Miquelon, Louisiana, Surrinam, Demarara, Berbice, Essequibo, Guiana, and the mouth of the River Aurazem.....All these she either has in possession or commands, because she commands the countries to which they belong.

To such an enormous power, wielded by a government which unites in itself all the wild energies of one form of government, and all the arrangement, promptitude, decision, concentration, and wisdom of another, with above a million of men trained and inured to arms, ready at a moment's call for any enterprize, we confess ourselves at a loss to find a counterpoise or resistance in any probable combination in Europe, when France shall have breathed and recruited its strength. The peace has therefore opened for her an easy passage to that perpetual object of her wishes and pursuits "UNIVERSAL EMPIRE."

The only power which can at all be looked up to by Europe as a standard at once to rally round, and a bulwark to resist the encroachments of France, is

ENGLAND.

And we confess, that secure as some statesmen in that country feel, or pretend to feel, we are at a loss to find any just grounds for their confidence. Security has often been destructive of safety, and must be the worst of enemies where it is the offspring of the will more than of reason. To the benevolent politician, who wishes to see established such a balance of power as may preserve the nations of Europe in perfect independence, the present aspect of British affairs bears nothing in it very consolatory or promising. That latent energies and unexpected powers have burst forth in nations, at the moment they have been considered as sunk forever, history produces some proofs; that they may still exist concealed in England we admit: But we will say, that they must be immense to keep pace with the enormous increase of the power of France. Let us, however, examine the subject more closely.

When the force of a nation, whether offensive or defensive, is to be considered with a view to the security it may afford her, it must be taken in a two-fold way; that is to say in its relative as well as intrinsic effect. To speak of it in mathematical terms, it is in the direct ratio of its own strength, and the inverse ratio of that of its adversary. In estimating the power of England, therefore, we must take into consideration that of France, and from a comparison of both, determine on which side the balance lies. In this way the statesmen who in the British parliament defended the peace as advantageous, would find it hard to point out any thing that England has got by the war or by the peace to put into the scale against the enormous increase of power which France has acquired by the war, and still more by the peace. We are aware of the great superiority of British troops and seamen; we recollect that during the contest with this country England fought with success against France, Spain, and Holland, and in the east against Hyder Ally, at the head of an army of half a million of soldiers. But France was then comparatively small; France then wanted "republican energies," she had a mild monarch on the throne, more fitted for peace than war: she had not a Bonaparte, either in the cabinet or the field; she was not as now, an *armed nation*. Yet with all these advantages on her side, if the contest were reduced to a mere affair of arms, England would have little reason to fly the field. As long as she can support her navy she can wage war with success, and preserve her territorial possessions and her honour; but it is in this very point of her strength she may be most deeply wounded. The peace, which has put all the ports in the Mediterranean, and in Holland, and the

Scheldt, &c. into the dominion of Bonaparte, has bestowed along with them the power of stopping the importation of British merchandize into any of those countries. The ships of England may thunder at their ports, and silence their batteries, but not a bale of goods will find its way beyond the reach of their guns. Her commerce will be gradually crippled, her manufactures decay, and the very life and principle of existence of the British navy, will be extinguished. Mr. Windham's opinion that it is through her commerce the arts of France will destroy England, will then be verified. It seems to have been a strange oversight or else a very extraordinary concession of her negotiators, to give up all former treaties, to make no provision for the usual commercial relations, and thereby to leave so much of the vital principle of English independence and security, at the mercy of France. The consequences are already before the world.... British merchandize has been pushed from the shores of France; and Holland, at her invitation no doubt, is following the example. The first consul has led the card of his choice and Holland dare not *renege* to his suit; "a patient shrug" is all that is left now to the *proteges* of France.

From the kind of *peace* establishment proposed in Great Britain, and the language of the ministers as a comment upon it, it should seem as if the peace would not be of long duration. Should the war break out afresh, after France has got possession of all the colonies, Malta, &c. &c. England will have the work of a very long war to recover what she has just ceded, so that France will stand on new and ten-fold advantageous ground. Candor must own that the concessions in the treaty on the part of France, are but a sorry equivalent for such immense and important sacrifices; not to mention the almost exclusive commerce of the world, which was England's the day of the signing of the preliminaries, and which she might have retained by prosecuting the war, but which are now handed over to France. On the other hand, if the peace shall be faithfully and strictly maintained, the natural course of cause and effect must cease, or England sink to the condition of a subordinate state. By negociation, that is to say, by solicitation mixed with threats, the French government will exact from every state of Europe, commercial regulations, to restrain the trade of England and promote that of France. Manufactures will of course follow commerce, and be encouraged in the latter country, while the manufacturer himself tempted by novelty, by enterprize, by well applied encouragement, and by the cheapness of living, will migrate to France and settle there. Thus the prop of the British navy will be frittered away, and the continental powers of Europe losing the support of England, will dwindle, and at last merge in the GREAT NATION.

Meanwhile the armed truce (for a peace with a war establishment can be considered as nothing better) will exhaust England, and the danger of invasion keep her in perpetual alarm. The whole shores of the British islands from Caithness to Kerry, are continually exposed to French ships; and out of every port, from the Baltic to the Adriatic, squadrons may issue to invade England. Nominally at peace but menaced by invasion, England will undergo all the hazard, the hardships, the expenses, and the ruinous effects of war, without any of those set-offs which actual war would afford to her.

All those advantages on the part of France, will be sedulously improved by Bonaparte; exalted to an usurped throne, his personal safety will call upon him imperiously to keep the public mind engaged; to dazzle the people with conquests; to glorify their national pride with triumph over an old rival; to prove his claim to their loyalty by substantial services, and to stop the mouth of malecontents by brilliant acts of republican magnificence and enlightened benevolent institutions....Already he professes his intention to augment his marine ....already he discloses his views to commerce.... already he talks of a navigation act for France; and he will, no doubt, strain his mind, capacious of such things, to the accomplishment of the ruin of England, in order to put his adversaries in France to silence. Even the peace itself, on which such reliance is had, may, perhaps, soon turn out (to use the words of a great statesman in England) "to be only a piece of legerdemain to get posses-"sion of Malta; to establish France in her new "colonies; to re-enter Egypt; to receive back "thirty thousand seamen, (prisoners of war in "England;) and to put the chief consul in a situa-"tion to recommence the war with new and "decisive advantages."

MISCELLANY.

CHARACTERS.

A SAILOR

Is a pitched piece of reason caulked and tackled, and only studied to dispute with tempests. He is part of his own provision, for he lives ever pickled; a fair wind is the substance of his creed, and fresh water the burden of his prayers. He is naturally ambitious, for he is ever climbing out of sight; as naturally he fears, for he is ever flying: Time and he are every where: ever contending who shall arrive first: he is well winded, for he tires the day, and outruns darkness: his life is like a hawk's, the best part mewed; and if he lives till three coats, is a master: he sees God's wonders in the deep, but so as they rather appear his playfellows, than stirrers of his zeal. Nothing but hunger and hard rocks can convert him, and then but his upper deck neither, for his hold neither fears nor hopes; his sleeps are but reprievals of his dangers, and when he awakes, it is but next stage to dying; his wisdom is the coldest part about him, for it ever points to the north, and it lies lowest, which makes his valour every tide overflow it. In a storm it is disputable whether the noise be more his or the elements', and which will first leave scolding? on which side of the ship he may be saved best? whether his faith be starboard faith or larboard, or the helm at that time not all his hope of heaven! His keel is the emblem of his conscience: till it be split he never repents....then no farther than the land allows him. His language is a new confusion, and all his thoughts new nations: his body and his ship are both one burden: nor is it known who stows most wine or rolls most, only the ship is guided....he has no stern; a barnacle and he are bred together both of one nature, and, it is feared one reason: upon any but a wooden horse he cannot ride, and if the wind blows against him he dare not: he swarms up to his seat as to a sail-yard, and cannot sit unless he bear a flag staff; if ever he be broken to the saddle, it is but a voyage still; for he mistakes the bridal for a bowling, and is ever turning his horse-tail; he can pray but it is by rote, not faith, and when he would he dares not, for his brackish belief hath made that ominous. A rock or a quicksand pluck him before he is ripe, else he is gathered to his friends at Wapping.

A SOLDIER

Is the husbandman of valour; his sword is his plough, which honour and aqua vitæ, two fiery nettled jades, are ever drawing. A younger brother best becomes arms, an elder the thanks for them; every heat makes him a harvest, and discontents abroad are his sowers; he is actively his prince's, but passively his passion's servant: he is often a desirer of learning, which once arrived at proves his strongest armour: he is a lover at all points, and a true defender of the faith of women. More wealth than makes him seem a handsome foe, lightly he covets not....less is below him; he never truly wants but in much having, for then his ease and affluence afflict him. The word peace, though in prayer, makes him start, and God he best considers by his power; hunger and cold rank in the same file with him, and hold him to a man; his honour else, and the desire of doing things beyond him, would blow him greater than the sons of ANACK; his religion is commonly as his cause is, doubtful, and that the best devotion keeps best quarter: he seldom sees gray hairs, some none at all; for where the sword fails, there the flesh gives fire: in charity he goes beyond the clergy, for he loves his greatest enemy best, much drinking. He seems a full student, for he is a great desirer of controversies; he argues sharply, and carries his conclusion in his scabbard. In the first refining of mankind this was the gold, his actions are his ammel*, his ally (for else you cannot work him perfectly) continual duties, heavy and weary marches, lodgings as full of need as cold diseases: no time to argue but to execute. Line him with these, and link him to his squadrons, and he appears a rich chain for princes.

EFFECTS OF THE ATMOSPHERE

UPON

THE ANIMAL SPIRITS.

BY WILLIAM BECKFORD, ESQ.

It is generally allowed that the state of the atmosphere has a very sensible effect upon the human mind; and to this natural barometer is, in a great measure, owing, the rise or depression of the animal spirits. That climate has an influence upon the intellectual, as well as upon the corporeal powers, we are led by observation, and taught by experience, to believe; and this *datum* cannot fail to be corroborated by those whose curiosity or pursuits have induced them to visit, or to reside in, the different latitudes of our terraqueous globe.

That the rigours of frost and snow benumb, and that the warmth of the sun invigorates, the ideas of those who are born and educated under a more genial sky, the productions of the human intellect, in the different walks of philosophy, of science, and the arts, will bear an incontrovertible as an honorable record: but, as the investigation of this subject would lead to a disquisition, too general and minute, I shall content myself with such observations, as more immediately interest our personal feelings.

If our sensations are to undergo a change, in conformity to the variations of the weather, in a climate like this, in which the sun-shine and the gloom are so successive and inconstant, how irregular must be our elemental enjoyments, and how very precarious their duration? The seasons do not gain upon us with any regular recurrence; and when we look for the month, that should bring us back the promise of fruits and flowers....instead of refreshing dews and salutary rains, we are disappointed by the unexpected continuance of winds and frost. The winter makes an inroad upon the autumn, and not only tyrannizes over, but annihilates the spring; and when we should expect the breezes of the west, and the temperate zephyrs of the south, the biting east continues to blow, to delay the verdure of the advancing year, and to triumph over the hopes of industry and vegetation.

The spirits of some men are entirely graduated by the appearance of the day; a cheerful morning will make them buoyant, a passing cloud rebate their happiness, and a settled gloom involve them in despair. Unconscious of the romantic perceptions of lightning and of thunder, of tempest and of rain; unaroused by the beauties of horror† which

* An old word for enamel.

† *Les belles horreurs*, a favourite expression of the French

bespeak the magnificence of nature, and the attributes of the Deity; they know not those enjoyments, that proceed from melancholy, and are hence deprived of the highest rapture that can be sustained by rational and enlightened minds.

I have known those, whose whole nervous systems have been, as it were, untuned by the prognostications of rain, when the gathering clouds appeared to throw a darkness over the understanding, and the whole frame to vibrate at the sounding of the deluge.

Of what rational pleasures, of what rural delights, and of what sublimity of observation must be those individuals deprived, who, unmindful of the opportunities, which, in all seasons of the year, recur, to enable him to ascertain the causes, and to trace the effects, of the varieties of nature, are only anxious to pass these moments of inquiry; and, absorbed in the vacancy of their ideas, detract from that enthusiasm, which was a physical instinct, or is become a habit, in others.

If we read, with complacency, in the harmony of our poets, the fascinating descriptions of a simple and a rural life, every minute of the day, every occupation of the hour, every transition of light and shadow, that irradiates or overcasts the pastoral scene, has, by turns, its different effect, and speaks a language, which, one would suppose, to be common to all; and if they please by *reflection*, how enchanting must be the *reality* of their objects?

How often have I observed, under the leafy protection of an oak, the sudden tempest burst around me: how often seen the playful lightning dart among the trees and illuminate with lambent rays the deep recesses of the forest? How often have I listened, with an emotion, arising from the awfulness of repercussion, to the heavy peals, that rumbled over head, and followed, with attentive ear, the hollow cadence, until it became fainter by degrees, and at length died away amidst the hills? How often have I traced the torrents, irriguous in their course, and, undermining the sapling and the shrubs, impel them through the valley, or leave them, in gathered masses, to impede the passage of the road? How often have I attended, with a speechless delight, to the rain-drops, pattering upon the thatch, depending from the eaves, or distilling from the flower?

I cannot easily forget my walks, so frequently interrupted by the coming of the deluge, when exposed upon the heath, and at a distance from protection; nor when sheltered, have I ceased to observe the fretting of the storm, the nutations of the trees, and the drivings of the blast. I have seen the drops disturb the dimples of the lake, or exciting bubbles in the stream, while the moor-hen and the coot have dived amidst the tides, or wantonly disported amidst the sedges and the reeds.

By some men these observations may be considered as idle and useless; as an unnecessary waste of that time, intended for more sedentary and profitable employments; but how futile would be the pursuits of the closet, did not the philosopher enrich his mind with external objects, and cull from the general laboratory of nature, that multiplicity of resources, which refines his moral intellect, at the same time, that it improves his general and experimental inquiry.

If we admire the instinct of the bee, and observe the economy and the wonderful regularity of the political hive, we cannot help being surprised at their incessant labour and perseverance, and, while we dwell with delight upon their domestic cares and occupations, we still know that they are the natural consequences of external selection, and proceeding from the bounties of that general Provider, who has so kindly afforded the materials upon which they work. When these ingenious, as industrious, artificers are obliged, by wind and showers, to refrain from their aerial excursions, yet has their provident foresight directed the means of local employment. Equally sedulous at home, as inquisitive upon the wing, they form an epitome of what should be the practice and imitation of the governments of men, and exhibit a striking example of patience, frugality and order, when opposed to the ruinous contrast of inactivity, dissipation and tumult. It is, however, melancholy to think that their little endeavours are consumed for the profits of the ungrateful; and that they are not only plundered, but sacrificed at the shrine of the voluptuous and unreflecting.

If manual labour is to be suspended by elemental impressions, what would become of those innumerable tribes of population, who are dependent, for the supply of their necessities, upon their laborious and unceasing operations? The languor, resulting from heat, and the rigour proceeding from cold, may certainly incapacitate some particular constitutions from strong and active exertions: but then, are there not many of our artificial wants, that are only supplied by the hands of debility and indolence? And of this latter description, are almost all those luxuries, which are derived from the East.

I cannot envy the feelings, nor adopt the philosophy, of that man, who can only be said to exist, under the impressions of a serene and a cloudless sky; who can only contemplate Nature, under her most graceful appearances, and think her only a subject of observation and delight, when all her beauties are irradiated by the sun-beam, and all her landscapes are made perceptible by a profusion of light. Such transcendant brilliancy would rather appear to me to satiate, than excite enjoyment, as the most refined sweets are more apt to cloy, than provoke the appetite. Besides, the pleasures they afford, are merely ebullitions, and, like the finer wines, evaporate before we can determine upon their flavour, or their spirit. If a sudden cloud shall intervene, to obscure the prospect, fruition is converted into regret, at least, if not into spleen, and the mind becomes gloomy in proportion to the splendours, that are now withdrawn.

After having long sustained an intemperate and intermitting drought, with what anxiety do we behold the gathering cloud, and how much are our languid perceptions relieved by the coolness of the shower? With what delight do we attend to the descent of the rain, made vocal, as it falls by domestic projections, compressed into lakes, or gathered into torrents, by the artificial confinement of cisterns and of troughs? The very gloom seems to throw a reflective complacency, if not a pleasing melancholy across the soul; and, when contemplated through this medium, how little to be dreaded, even amidst their frowns, are the concussions of the opposing elements?

To me, a lowering morning, or a stormy day, affords a species of gratification, I know not how to express. My mind seems imperceptibly to accomodate itself to the appearance of the atmosphere; and, without being depressed, my spirits enjoy a calm....a serenity of action, if I may so express it, which light and sun-shine cannot bestow. No extraordinary darkness overshadows my mind, in consequence of the menace of the surrounding atmosphere; and, accustomed to hurricanes and elementary destruction, I feel not appalled at the rapidity of the lightning, the roarings of the thunder, or the terrors of the tempest.

If the storm shall rage without, yet, if peace shall inhabit within, how little cause have we to deprecate its impression? The perceptions, as the eye through a mirror, may contemplate these external scenes, that vary with the seasons, may bring all nature into one intellectual focus, and select such prospects and situations, as may best answer her purposes and enjoyments, and, being able to discriminate between the imaginary wretched, and those poor objects of creation, who are really and undeservedly so, may pass by the fictions of the one, and relieve the necessities of the other.

RECLUSE.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDEE.

Looking over a well conducted miscellany, published some time since, abroad, I found a pretty imitation of WALLER'S delightful address to his mistresses, under the names of Amoret and Sacharissa. Of classical poems, imitations and parodies are sufficiently numerous, and often deplorably defective. Every stripling in love, who, of course, turns poet, and weaves a few rhymes, calls them an imitation of SHENSTONE, especially if he can introduce the pastoral vocabulary, sheep, crook and fountain. The Imitation, introduced in this evening's speculation, was written by an eminent person, lately deceased. It was composed we hear upwards of fifty years ago, and has not, till lately, been published. We cannot refrain from stopping an instant, to admire the inimitable delicacy, grace and *address* of the original. WALLER has been justly surnamed the *Courtly*.

TO AMORET.

Fair, that you may truly know
What you unto Thyrsis owe,
I will tell you how I do
Sacharissa love, and you.

Joy salutes me, when I set
My blest eyes on Amoret:
But with wonder I am struck,
When I on the other look.
If sweet Amoret complains,
I have sense of all her pains;
But, for Sacharissa I
Do not only grieve, but die.

All that of myself is mine,
Lovely Amoret, is thine;
Sacharissa's captive fain
Would untie his iron chain,
And, those scorching beams to shun,
To thy gentle shadow run.

If the soul had free election,
To dispose of her affection,
I would not thus long have borne
Haughty Sacharissa's scorn.
But 'tis sure, some power above,
Which controuls our wills in love,
If not love, a strong desire,
To create, and spread that fire
In my breast, solicits me,
Beauteous Amoret, for thee.

'Tis amazement, more than love,
Which *her radiant eyes* do move;
If less splendour wait on *thine*,
Yet they so *benignly* shine,
I would turn my dazzled sight,
To behold their *milder* light.
But as hard 'tis to destroy
That high flame, as to enjoy;
Which how easily I may do,
Heaven, as easily seal'd, does know
Amoret's as sweet, and good,
As the most *delicious food*,
Which, but *tasted*, does impart
Life and gladness to the heart.

Sacharissa's beauty's *wine*,
Which to *madness* doth incline;
Such a liquor, as no brain,
That is mortal, can sustain.

Scarce can I to heaven excuse
The devotion, which I use
Unto that adored dame,
For 'tis not unlike the same,
Which I thither ought to send;
So that, if it could take end,
'Twould to heaven itself be due,
To succeed her, and not you;
Who already have of me
All, that's not idolatry,
Which, though not so fierce a flame,
Is longer like to be the same.

Then smile on me, and I will prove,
Wonder is shorter liv'd than LOVE.

IMITATION.

TO DR. DENNIS.

Jolly Dennis, wouldst thou know
Who's the lass, that wounds me so?
Wouldst thou have me tell thee true?
Dennis,....I'm in love *with two*...
Julia fair, Belinda coy,
All my amorous hours employ.
Julia, more than mortal fair,
Like Diana doth appear,
When, amid the sacred groves,
With the virgin choir, she roves,
Graceful and majestical,
Thus she overtops them all;
Nor her dart more fatal flies,
Than the wounds from Julia's eyes.

Not with charms, so fiercely bright,
Soft Belinda cheers the sight,
Yet, with no less force, impart
Pleasing raptures to the heart.

Julia's charms are like mid day,
Scorch'd by Titan's fiercest ray,
Whose immoderate heat does harm,
Whilst it only means to warm.

But Belinda's beauties, like
Evening mild, our senses strike;
Yet no less they surely move
The beholders' hearts with love.
'Tis not every blooming grace,
That adorns her lovely face,
Nor the nameless beauties, seen
In her amiable mien;
But the charms, which she displays
In whate'er she does and says,
And that sweet, engaging air,
So peculiar to the fair,
That, without my knowledge, have
Made me more than half her slave.

Julia, amorous, blithe, and gay,
Sports the dancing hours away,
Mirth and jollity attend,
Whereso'er her steps may bend,
Whilst the lightnings of her eyes
Make a thousaud hearts her prize,
Yet on me alone dispense
Their benignest influence,
Yes, tho' mighty be the boast
Charming Julia loves me most,
Most of all the rival swains
That possess the fertile plains.

But, tho' gentle, as the pair
Of immortal Doves, that bear
Cytherea, when she flies
In her car adown the skies;
See Belinda, beauteous maid,
Of her tender heart afraid,
Round her, sacred person keep
Guards alas! that never sleep;
Lo, Discretion seated there,
Cold her looks, and grave her air,
And, with downcast looks stands by
Ever blushing modesty,
Who, with countenance severe,
Feed my Love and my Despair.

As beneath some fragrant shade
My faint limbs supinely laid,
While Sol's beams intensely beat
I secure me from its heat,
And each aromatic bough
Sheds its sweets on me below,
So methinks with Julia blest
On her bosom I could rest.
But time flies with envious haste,
Halcyon days wont always last;
When the spring of life is o'er,
Sickly Autumn tries its power,
Then, what boots the leafless shade?
Soon its verdant honours fade,
And its store of odrous sweets
Now no more my senses greets,
But loud storms and rains instead
Beat on my defenceless head.

But Belinda I compare
To a mansion large and fair,
Under whose commodious roof
All corroding cares aloof,
Blest with happiness and peace
I could lead a life of ease,
And despise, in plenty bold,
Summer's heat and Winter's cold. N.

Dr. JOHNSON, in his life of Cowley, tells us that a *Coal mine* has not often had its Poet, and yet in the stanzas by Cleaveland on so humble a topic, we discover a pleasing fabric of poetry raised. Of the lowly *bramble* a despised plant, Mr. GILPIN thus elegantly draws the picture.

Of all underwood, I know but one plant that is disagreeable, and that is the bramble. We sometimes see it with effect, crawling along the fragments of a rock, or running among the rubbish of a ruin; though even then, it is a coarse appendage. But as a *pendent plant* it has no beauty. It does not hang carelessly, twisting round every support, like the hop, and others of the creeping tribe, but forms one stiff, unpliant curve. Nor has it any foliage to recommend it. In other pendent plants, the leaf is generally luxuriant, and hangs loosely in rich festoons; but in the suckers of a bramble the leaf is harsh, shrivelled, and discoloured. In short, it is a plant, which one should almost wish to have totally exterminated from landscape. It has neither beauty in itself, nor harmonizes with any thing around it; and may be characterised, as the most insignificant of all vegetable reptiles.

The name of Little, prefixed to the volume of Poems, whence the following are extracted is a fiction. The real name is Thomas Moore, Esq. of the Middle Temple, whose splendid and perfect translation of Anacreon is at present a reigning topic in the learned circles. He has been charged with copying too closely the voluptuous stile of OVID and CATULLUS, but,

The following stanzas prove that the author can be moral, tender and impressive.

Oh woman, if by simple wile
Thy soul has stray'd from honour's track
Tis mercy only can beguile
By gentle ways the wanderer back.

The stain that on thy virtue lies,
Wash'd by thy tears may yet decay
As clouds that sully morning skies,
May all be wept in showers away.

Go go... be innocent, and live....
The tongues of men may wound thee sore,
But heaven in pity can forgive
And bids thee go and sin no more.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

It is well known that in Egypt, India, and the hotter parts of America, that abound with poisonous serpents, there are certain individuals, who possess the power of entirely disarming these formidable animals, and are able to handle them with perfect impunity, at the very time that any other person, approaching them incautiously, would be fatally convinced of their ability to destroy. This happy exemption is attributed by the people themselves to the preservative effects of certain vegetables, the knowledge of which has hitherto been carefully concealed. Many of the European philosophers have, however, treated the affair as a mere juggle. This state of uncertainty is now, happily for humanity and science, relieved by the most important communication from Don Pedro D'Orbies Y Vangas, through the medium of Count Rumford, which, if entirely to be depended upon, will entitle the communicator to high rank among the benefactors of mankind. Don Pedro is a native of Santa-Fe, and, in the year 1788, being at Margarita, he met with a slave who possessed the power of charming the most venomous of the American serpents; after the negro had exhibited his skill, he was induced by a reward to promise to discover his secret. The next morning he returned with the leaves of a plant called *vejuco du guaco*, and having bruised them in the presence of Don Pedro, gave him two large spoonfuls to drink....then making three incisions between the fingers of each hand, he inoculated the Spaniard's with the same juice, and performed a similar operation on each foot, and on each side of the breast, after which he informed him that he was no longer accessible to the poison of serpents. Don Pedro then, after making the negro answerable for any ill consequences, took into his hands, several times, one of the serpents that had been brought by the slave the day before, without receiving the smallest injury from the animal. Encouraged by the first attempt, two domestics, being in like manner prepared by the guaco juice, went into the fields, and soon returned with another kind of serpent equally venomous with the former, without sustaining any hurt; another person, being similarly prepared, and afterwards bitten by a poisonous serpent, received no further injury than a slight local inflamation. Since this period, Don Pedro has repeatedly caught serpents with his own hands with absolute impunity, employing no farther preparation than merely drinking a little of the guaco juice. The plant, whose effects are thus attested, has not yet been admitted into any botanical system, but it is amply described in a memoir by the Spanish gentleman already mentioned, inserted in a weekly paper published at Santa-Fe. It is not of the compound-flowered or syngenesious class. The stamina are five in number, united by their anthers into a cylinder, through which rises the pistil with a deeply divided summit. The corolla is monopetalous, infundibuliform, with five indentations, and of a yellow colour; each oalix contains four florets, and several of these grow together, forming a corymbus: the seeds are broad and featured; the root is fibrous, perenal; the stem straight, cylindrical when young, but when old becomes pentagonal; leaves are heart shaped, opposite, of a dark green mixed with violet, velvetty on the upper surface. It grows by the sides of rivulets and in shady places, in the viceroyalty of Santa-Fe.

Sir Frederic Morton Eden, Bart. in a late pamphlet, elegantly and temperately written, thus speaks of the London Porcupine. "I, with pleasure, profess myself a friend to the Porcupine and its principles; and I write with no view to disparage, or bring into disesteem, your exertions in the public cause; but, in that spirit of independency which you have so laudably laboured to raise and cherish in us, I cannot help thinking you have carried, or are in danger of carrying, your dislike of the peace too far; and that, in your anxiety to keep down the exultations and insolence of jacobinism, you run no ordinary risk of exciting a no less dangerous spirit, that of despondency. I am not insensible of your merits in other respects; were this the proper place, I should most willingly compliment you on them, and particularly on the altered and improved language of your paper, in which you have, in good time, substituted British and monarchical urbanity, for American and republican coarseness and vulgarity."

A patent has been granted to Mr. Pott, of Belford, Northumberland, for an artificial leg, which is made of light materials, and has great resemblance to the bony and fleshy parts of the natural leg. By this, the wearer is enabled, to avoid those semi-circular motions, which most artificial legs require: all its motions are perfectly at his command; he has the power of turning inward and outward, and can imitate almost every motion that can be performed by the natural leg. The wearer of Mr. Pott's artificial leg, can, with the utmost ease, sit, kneel, rise, pull on and off, a boot, and even walk several miles, without incurring great fatigue.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE PARTERRE.

[Charles Cotton has attained high reputa ion for his Travestie of Virgil; a work inspired by all the powers of laughter and burlesque. The following witty perversion of Homer's sublimity was the ludicrous effusion of a poetical physician, whose premature death forbade him to protract life, by his science, or to gladden it by his humour.]

Parody of that noted passage in Pope's Homer, beginning with

"AURORA NOW, FAIR DAUGHTER OF THE DAWN."

Aurora now began to rise,
And light her flambeau round the skies.
When Jove arose from lousy bed,
And yawn'd, and stretch'd, and scratch'd his head.
His sleepy followers next he call'd,
To them assembled thus he bawl'd:
" Ye half-dress'd lazy dogs! give ear!
And what I say, with patience hear:
If one of you, or man, or boy,
Assist the Greeks, or succour Troy,
Nay, if he only will to do it,
I swear I'll make the rascal rue it:
His martial vigour I shall cool,
And send him homeward like a fool:
Nay, he may think me wond'rous civil,
If I dont hurl him to the devil:
There, held by lock, and bolt, and fetter,
'Till the presumptuous dog grows better;
And plung'd as far beneath hell's centre,
As that from us, to speak at venture.
Let him, who thinks this vain parade
Stand out....I'll thwack the doughty blade.
And, if ye dare to claim controul,
I'll baste the ribs of every soul,
Come on, for form's sake let us try,
Whether be stronger....ye, or I.
Here....see my leg? clap on a chain,
And lug and pull with might and main,
Haul till you're tired, I'll never stir,
Nought can remove the thunderer.
But when I lift my brawny fist,
I knock ye all just where I list.
I take the chain, from off my leg,
And fix it on yon wooden peg.
To 'to'ther end I hang the earth,
And mock your pride with hearty mirth,
'Tis thus I rule such brainless clods,
Nor care a groat for men or Gods!"

He ceas'd, the fools were sadly scar'd,
And not a single whoreson dar'd,
To contradict or make reply;
While Jove with laughing shook the sky.
But, when his godship ceas'd his laughter,
Pallas, his dearest baseborn daughter,
Came driving in, all wet with tears,
Her flaming locks about her ears,
With one shoe on, and one bare foot,
And but one ragged petticoat,
And sniv'ling cry'd...." well....well....we'll yield
To leave the Grecians on the field,
And, when the rogues are maul'd and die,
Let us with due devotion cry,
For, faith, they'll fall in shoals, like mice,
Unless you let us give advice."
At this the surly god relented,
And of his purpose half repented;
Flew to the slut with eager pace,
And warmly kiss'd her dirty face,
Call'd her his dearest baseborn honey;
Then bade his lackey saddle poney;
In haste the lad his signal took,
While all heavens craggy timber's shook,
And instantly with wond'rous speed,
Produc'd a rawbon'd founder'd steed.
Unshod, uncomb'd, with rotten rein,
Coarse shaggy sides, and tangled main.
Jove mounted with his spur and boot,
And in his stirrup stuck his foot.
The nag put on in haste to fly,
And cut his capers round the sky.
Pluto, as usual ev'ry sunday,
Had just set down to taste his 'gundy,
When, hearing some unusual clatter,
He rose, and overset the platter.
But, being hind'red in retreat,
The gushing porridge scal'd his feet.
He roar'd....a thousand devils stept in,
And strove amain to keep out Neptune,
For Pluto fear'd, lest in the fright,
His dark designs would come to light;
And Jove would see in luckless hour,
How far he stretch'd his lawless pow'r.

Such are the troubles, such the cares,
When Gods neglect their own affairs,
And, meddling in our mortal matters,
Tear all the world to rags and tatters.

[I have just read Mr. Mulligan's account of our club in your paper, and I must tell you, that I don't think it at all right for Mr. Mulligan to have given any hint about my being put in the watch-house; for he knows very well, so he does, that I could tell of a worse place he has been in, and for a longer time too: not that I care much about such reports, for I am pretty well used to them, but that I think he might have asked my leave first, and not try to get off, as he does now, by saying, that nobody knew it was me he meant, since he did not mention my name.

As I think I may as well be in print as Mr. Mulligan (for I look upon myself to be as good a man as he by night or by day), I take the liberty of writing you this bit of a letter; and since I don't know what more to say, I'll just send you our club-song, which was written by Mr. Fagan, who is a great dab at those things, and has made a great many more.

I know that this was written by Mr. Fagan, though Teddy Conner says, they can't make any songs in America, and that all they do make, were first made in Ireland.

So no more at present from
Yours, &c.
RICHARD NOGGLE.]

DEMOCRATICO—REPUBLICAN SONG.

Come hither my lads, push the whiskey about,
As you're true, let it circulate quicker;
For when we are drunk, and our courage is stout,
Thus we'll chorus, inspir'd by our liquor:

Let anarchy rule! let confusion increase!
And extending to each distant region,
May the horrors of war scare the goddess of peace!
And a downfall to law and religion!

Like the viper, of which in the fable we read,
That was hurt by the file it had bitten,
When our country we'd stab, ourselves only bleed;
On that cask was the *excise-law* written.

Let anarchy rule! &c.

And scarce had our scuffle 'bout that been subdued,
When our rulers, to tighten our tether,
Decree'd it *sedition* to swear by their G....
That we thought them all rascals together!

Let anarchy rule! &c.

When hither, escap'd from both gallows and goal,
Of the democrats myriads were flocking,
Lest when they arriv'd they'd at government rail,
If *shut fast the doors 'gainst them*....how shocking!

Let anarchy rule! &c.

Since we've had our hands on the reins of the state,
In spite of all federal reproaches,
Poor virtue displac'd, we've turn'd out at the gate,
And all vices have rode in their coaches.

Let anarchy rule! &c.

Poor Virtue (that thing which the preachers oft praise)
While they get most power who most knave it,
We're sure in *our* presence will ne'er shew its face;
So....let Adams and federalists have it!

Let anarchy rule! let confusion increase!
And extending to each distant region,
May the horrors of war scare the goddess of peace!
And a downfall to law and religion!

SELECTED POETRY.

[The authority of COLERIDGE will be respected as a poet. He has observed that the following song, simple, deeply pathetic and even sublime, may, without exaggerated praise, be pronounced the most exquisite performance in our language. It was written by Mr. LOGAN, a Scotch divine and historian. As its popularity is by no means equal to its merits, we reprint it, confident that to be admired universally, it needs only be known.]

SONG.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

Thy braes were bonny, Yarrow stream!
When first on them I met my lover:
Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream!
When now thy waves his body cover!
Forever now, O Yarrow stream!
Thou art to me a stream of sorrow;
For never on thy banks shall I
Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow!

He promised me a milk-white steed
To bear me to his father's bowers;
He promised me a little page
To squire me to his father's towers;
He promised me a wedding-ring....
The wedding-day was fix'd to-morrow!
Now he is wedded to his grave....
Alas! his watery grave in Yarrow.

Sweet were his words when last we met;
My passion I as freely told him!
Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought
That I should never more behold him!
Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost!
It vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow....
Thrice did the water-wraith * ascend,
And gave a doleful groan thro' Yarrow!

His mother from the window look'd
With all the longings of a mother;
His little sister weeping walk'd
The green-wood path to meet her brother.
They sought him East, they sought him West,
They sought him all the forest thorough;
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow!

No longer from the window look,
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother!
No longer walk, thou lovely maid!
Alas! thou hast no more a brother.
No longer seek him East or West,
And search no more the forest thorough;
For wandering in the night so dark,
He fell a lifeless corse in Yarrow!

* The Water-fiend: sometimes called the Kelpie.

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